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Thomas Lowell

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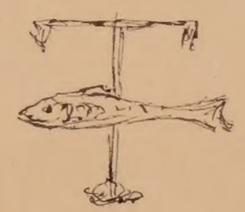
Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

36 pp. of drawing

ROUGH SKETCHES

of

HUMOUR.



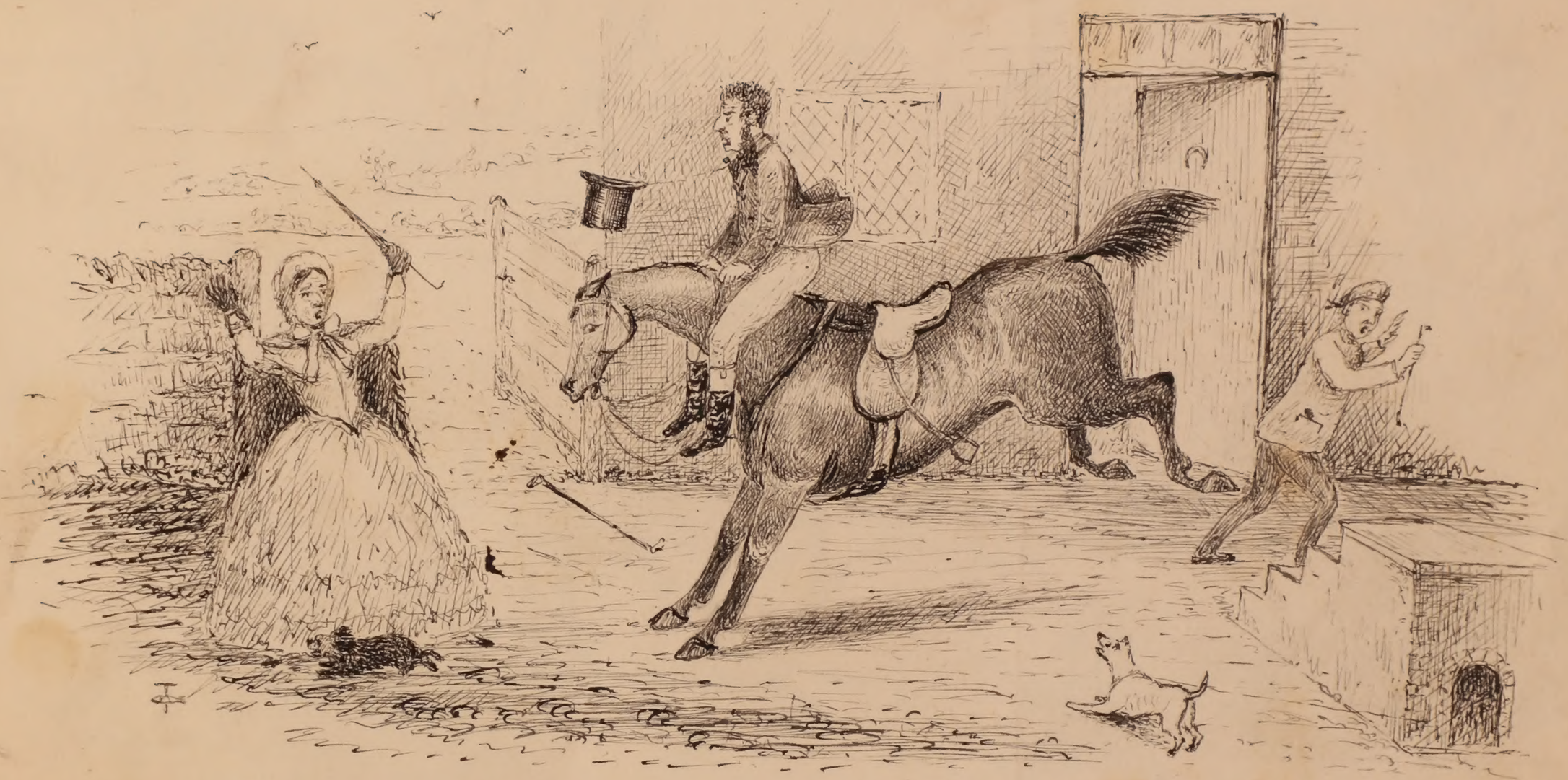
Swell. — Well but I say Gingaw isn't he wather hot?

Dealer. — Hot! lor love yer, not a bit of it — why he'll do all the three paces round a cabbage leaf!

SOME MISTAKE.

Genlemen (hic) Here's noble shelves!

Mr Wiggles begs leave to observe
"He feels as if all mankind were
brethren" ——



Our friend Pickles having married money, does'nt see why he should not hunt, and having bought a mare that thoroughly understands her work, arranges for a private full dress rehearsal which comes off accordingly.

A CASE OF SYMPATHY.

Ape'ny a box fuzees! fuzees only ape'ny a box!! buy a box fuzees only ape'ny!!! might buy a box yer honner! – just lost a joey on the Frenchman!! –

Pickles would take his Tandem to the Derby.—

Pickles succeeds in seeing a brilliant run!

Excited Juvenile. Now then Welter when you're done admiring it, go on, or else let a fellow come that will! —

or. – Now then old un' are you sitting for your photograph! –

Heres Tom & Jack who have been fishing off the shore have just discovered that somehow or other they have lost their oars, and the tide is fast carrying them out to sea.

Harry Field didn't care much for a spill, but he did for Captain Cuetip – who danced twice with Lucy Manor at the Hunt Ball – seeing him when he was down!

Arah Biddy is that you shure? — It is!
And how are ye's? — Shure I'm well!
And how's Mrs Maloney? — She's dead!
Dead!- by the Blessed St. Patrick and what did she die ov'?
— Shure she died ov'a Tuesday! —

Old Swivel has only one tooth, nevertheless on this occasion, being rather pressed and the neighbourhood lonely he does not object to paying Half a Crown for a toothpick! —

Miss Edith shows the Captain the way! — . It was very ungallant of the Captain however afterwards to declare he never saw it! —

Crammer goes down to the sea side to study, but having chosen his seat on a piece of rock below high water, becomes himself an object of study & interest to the people on shore! —

Snozzle has found a quiet corner, where unobser from the shore he could smoke his cigar in peace the monotonous sound of the coming tide has him to sleep

Dreadful grief of Jack Hardup on hearing of the death of his rich old Aunt who had left all to him! --

I say ~~Kenyon~~ Leggins heres a go - we've no sooner got into the field than those blessed dogs lie down.

Well now! if a fellow who owns a dog like that, and has his name on the collar, ain't happy! he ought to be hung!

Pippins (supposed to be confined to the hous on sick leave) is doing the heavy swell a Oxford Street & sees the governor with his fixed upon him, on the opposite side

SOME LIKE ONE SORT OF THING SOME ANOTHER

FOR INSTANCE

Mossoo prefers the Rocking Horse style, whilst John Bull prefers this! —

Here's Old Crossgrain who has such a hatred of long dresses and became such a terror to the dear wearers at the flower show the other day.

Man wants but little here below! —

Nor wants that little long! —

Please yer hanner shall I see yer safe over!

It's a singular thing, old gentlemen will always be getting into the way of the perambulators at the most inopportune moments.

-Arry!

I warrants 'em all gold! -

Now then come on if yer likes it there's lots on it! —

News boy. — Now then Sporting Life! here yer are sir!! — tips of all the prophets.!! — —

Hairdresser. Your 'air's very thim sir! —
Patient. Ah! I like it thin. — (an interval of [illegible])
Hairdresser. Your 'ed's very scurfy sir!! —
Patient. Yes! I like it scurfy!!! — (Barber shuts up)

Jones is supposed to be paying one of his periodical visits to his rich old Aunt whom he would not for the world offend! —

Aunt. Well my dear a good set of teeth is a blessing! – here have I been chewing a piece of gristle for the last twenty minutes & it flirted on to your plate & you swallow it in a minute!

LADY. (Loquiter) Oh yes Mr Jones its all very well you to stand there and tell me to be quick when you see I get through & you a military man too. I wonder what's the use of being a volunteer if you're frightened at a bull! —

Rasper (who is giving his friend a lesson in riding across country). —

Ah now that's better – you see you're landed the right side of the fence this time. — jump up and catch your horse and have another go — we'll make you perfect yet, you'll see – it only wants practice! —

ler. – Now sir – there she is, handsome as paint – with legs like iron – feel at 'em sir. –

Dealer. Buy a pair of Spectacles yer honn
Gent – Dont use them – never require them! –
Dealer. Then buy a pair of preservers!! –

It is so very delightful after a hard day to have a lame horse which stumbles at every step & cannot be got out of a walk to find yourself 20 miles from home! —

Mr Mashtub has the prospect of a run! —

Dealer. Feel inclined to sell the little bay this morning my Lord!? —

Dreadful position of a street sandwich

May be I wont sell yer when I gets yer home! —
You hugly brute!

Hold Hard Bill its no use shoring he's
gav' up! —

Buy a Black Beetle Ma'am!! all alive!!

It does happen so sometimes!

Evidently.

Mr Grisle having been thrown three times in his his first attempt at hunting begins to think it is not his game! ——

Inebriosus No 1. Sir you're an individual! —
Do — No 2. Sir you're another!! —

Question ish what'sh 'll I say to Old woman?
ell her 'av been drinking her 'lth - no - that'l no'do -
aid that before! - tell her she's ~~[illegible]~~ jolly good blow which, ugly candelers
that'l do ...

X100. Now then Sir - whats your name?
Inebriosue. Shampaigne Sharlie ish my name

Farmer Dobbin.

As fond of the fun as any body! — (why not.)

Cabby. Well yer honner it would not be for the
likes o'me to be disputing the fare wid ye's for the
difference of a shilling so well just toss for it, –

Snozzle's mare shows her delight at sight

Mater. Goodness gracious where has the boy been! –
Hope of the family. – Been! – to the Game Chickens free & easy –
jolliest thing in the world – The Chicken, Nobbler, Chelsea Pet, Dodger,
all there – ask'd em here to morrow night – all coming – so jolly –

Customer. Well but do you think he's breed enough? –
Dealer. Well sir he aint exactly in the stud book
but there's many a good un as isn't which is
more their misfortin sir – howsumever if he
aint it isn't no fault on his sir. ! ——

Swell. Aw! Policeman can you find me a carriage aw! and send a Portaw with my luggage —
Policeman.—(who has been disappointed of a tip) Third class sir? —
Swell. Aw — do aw — I look like third class? —

Mr Butterbub who has mistaken the day — has ridden ten miles to the meet & after waiting a good hour begins to wonder if the hounds will really come

Now then have you got the hydrophobia?
I dont want you to drink it! —

Tomkins hasnt seen either horse or
hound for the last hour — when he was thrown — & begins to think
he may have to walk home! —